THE FUDGE FAMILY IN Paris.

EDITED BY

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,

AUTHOR OF THE TWOPENNY POST BAG.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.

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PREFACE.

In what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C———gh, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of

that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bob Fudge's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.—but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for

his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that Bentley "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the

honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

> Εγω δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ αρας
> Εδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propriâ personâ*, that I am—his, or her,

very obedient,

and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——
OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

Dear Doll, while the tails of our horses are
plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French
ink,

How delightful! though, would you believe it, my
dear?
I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at
home;
And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!
In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The
Monk;"
In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet—alas!
No monks can be had now for love or for money
(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY;)
And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIX-
HUIT
Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,*
(Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark!
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand* a *Monarque*)
He exclaimed "Oh mon Roi!" and, with tear-drop-
ping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin,
nigh,
Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
"Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King;
And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."

* To commemorate the landing of Louis lè Désiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

There's the pillar, too—Lord! I had nearly forgot—
What a charming idea!—rais'd close to the spot;
The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
To build tombs over legs,* and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occurr'd sentimental as yet;
Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,
Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—bawling for
sous!
And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes
seem
To recall the good days of the *ancien regime,*
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB

* Ci-git la jambe de &c. &c.

You remember how sheepish Bob look'd at Kilrandy,
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a
Dandy;
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and
lac'd,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to
scholars,
With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found
them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round
them!
In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
And Bob's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:
An improving young man, fond of learning, am-
bitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,

Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows
pat,
A la braise, petits pâtés, and—what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes?—oh! *maître d'hôtel*—
I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and
cooks,
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.
As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind, it's all *entre nous*,
But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—
Why, he's writing a book—what! a tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in
France;
At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—STL-R-GH,

Who said, "My dear FUDGE ——" I forget th' exact words,
And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new—thingummie—science,
Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY)
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if *I* may be judge,
Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!"
The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*,
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go)
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases—

" SCOTT's Visit," of course—in short, ev'ry thing *he* has
An author can want, except words and ideas :—
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better
Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter
You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,
Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet.—
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young CONNOR:—they say he's so like BONAPARTE,
His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather dreads,
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads
That resemble old NAP's, and who knows but their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR'S?

Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job,
• (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma)
And for charity made private tutor to Bob—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of Pa!
This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;
But Bob's *déjeûner*'s done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame le Roi!*

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C———H.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
" Demoraliz'd" metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
" Stood prostrate" at the people's feet.
Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
The *level* of obedience *slopes*

Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!* *
Where the poor palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And LOUIS is roll'd out on castors,
While BONEY's borne on shoulders in :—
But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship traces,—
That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C———GH,
I've thought of thee upon the way,

* This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shews how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B———, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said—" He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c. &c.

As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dickey, (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,)
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
 And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
 Like Major SEMPLE, every where!
And marv'lling with what pow'rs of breath
Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears,—and when
All Sovereigns else were doz'd, at last
Speech'd down the Sovereign * of Belfast.

* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his

Oh! mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;
Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
  There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly pleas'd at—
That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
  And C———GH's the thing now sneez'd at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—
  Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing;
  But time and ink run short, and now,
(As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher
  In these gay metaphoric fringes,)

Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent!"

I must *embark* into the *feature*
  On which this letter chiefly *hinges*;—*
My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And *will*, so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the FUDGES!—
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant:
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
  And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding—
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
  Passeth all human understanding:
That France prefers her go-cart King
  To such a coward scamp as BONEY—
Though round, with each a leading-string,
  There standeth many a Royal crony,

* Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—"And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

For fear the chubby, tottering thing
  Should fall, if left there *loney-poney:*
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation!
  Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
  As HELOISA did her lover!*
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
  Upon the side-board, snug reposes;
While Saxony 's as pleas'd as Punch,
  And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
  Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,
  And Frenchmen—'t wouldn't make much odds,

* See her Letters

So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
And LOUIS eats his *salmi** daily;
So time is left to Emperor SANDY
To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;
And G——GE the R—G—T (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
  For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
  Might come and nine times knock their noddles!—
All this my Quarto'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever prov'd before—
In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
My facts the *Courier* shall supply,

* Οψα τε, ὁια εδουσι διοτρεφεες βασιληες.
HOMER ODYSS. 3.

My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
  On BIDDY's back or BOBBY's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
  Who longs to be a small place-holder)
Is—though *I* say't, that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.

" *Jul. thirty-first.*—Went, after snack,
  " To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
" Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
  " And—gave the old Concierge a penny!
" (*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much fam'd, 'tis said,
" For making Kings and gingerbread.)

"Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
"A little Bourbon, buried lately,
"Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
"Though only twenty-four hours old!*
"Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins;
"Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!
"If Royalty, but ag'd a day,
"Can boast such high and puissant sway,
"What impious hand its pow'r would fix,
"Full fledg'd and wigg'd† at fifty-six!"

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.—

* So described on the coffin: "très haute et puissante Princesse, agée d'un jour."

† There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities:—"nonne longè *latèque* Principem ostentant?"

So now, with duty to the R—G—T,
I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

P. F.

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.
Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But BIDDY said she thought 'twould look
Genteeler thus to date my Book,
And BIDDY's right—besides, it curries
Some favour with our friends at MURRAY's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honoré! *

* See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

OH DICK! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like
feeding;
And *this* is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head quarters of Prog!
Talk of England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I
swear, is
A humbug, a flam, to the Carte* at old VE'RY's;

* The Bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters,* with woodcocks before 'em?
Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every
year—
But those friends of *short Commons* would never do
here;
And, let ROMILLY speak as he will on the question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, *I* fatten—but *n'importe* for that,
'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always get fat.
There's the R—G—T, there's LOUIS—and BONEY
tried too,
But, tho' somewhat imperial in paunch, 't wouldn't
do:—

* Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 78.

He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he
wed,
But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head*.
DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is
what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne,*
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for
rain,
And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream*-ice;

* The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—*Duchat*.

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint! *
I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—
For a lad who *goes into the world*, DICK, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no
doubt of it—
Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of it*.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold
up
"The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup

* The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique*:—"On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hepatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," &c. p. 206.

Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that
    draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette.*
There, DICK, what a breakfast!—oh, not like your
    ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and
    toast;
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves
    about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles
    out
One's *paté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote,*

One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidnies—imagine, DICK—done with champagne!
Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, mayhap,
Chambertin,* which you know's the pet tipple of NAP,
And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but *I*'m not so partic'lar.—
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, DICK, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,
I'd swallow ev'n W—TK—NS', for sake of the end on't);
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet † tipp'd over one's lips!

* The favourite wine of Napoleon. † *Velours en bouteille.*

This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!
Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so
queer in't!)—
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear
in't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, DICK,
the phyzzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1;
A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our PR——E, who nor reason nor fun
dreads,
Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds.*

* It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chretientéensemble."—What would he say now?

Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick! unlike some
ones
We've seen about WHITE's—the Mounseers are but
rum ones;
Such hats!—fit for monkies—I'd back Mrs. DRAPER
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
They'd club for old B—M—L, from Calais, to dress
'em!
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-
lopping nation,
To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation!

In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:
So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS' * larder, my boy!
And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear BOB!" I'd not budge—
Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is

R. FUDGE.

* A celebrated Restaurateur.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

"Return!"—no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscrib'd, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there—*

* "They use to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the forementioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' &c.) or the words—'The memory of the desolation.'" *Leo of Modena.*

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
* Still let your * * * *
* * * * * *

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—every-where the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face!

* I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

Every-where gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few;
While E******, every-where—the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

Oh, E*******! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest
one;
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame;

Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;—
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!

If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than
this,—
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the Centaur * gave th' infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C———GH:—as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breath'd out—thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
Her worst infections all condens'd in him!

* * * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,

* Membra et Herculeos toros
Urit lues Nessea————
Ille, ille victor vincitur.
Senec. Hercul. Œt.

That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a NERO's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all giv'n up?—and are *they* only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd

In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born?
Who * * * * *
* * * * * *
Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for JOVE's!
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,

The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,
Against whole millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
Welcome * * * * *
* * * * * *
And, 'stead of ARISTIDES—woe the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome C———GH!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that * * * *
* * * * * *
Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser far
To leave still hid and burning where they are!

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

What a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty girl—
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,

Except just the *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd—I forget—*à la*—something which
sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame le Roi's:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*.—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite à la
Française,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and
poking.
Like things that are put to keep chimnies from
smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights—
This dear busy place, where there's nothing trans-
acting
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!
Brother BOBBY's remark, t'other night, was a
true one;—
"This *must* be the music," said he, "of the
spears,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run
through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make
out
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.—

What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be let
loose of it,
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old LAÏS,* and chose to make
use of it!
No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my
dear.
So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi*, DOLLY, *de ça*—
There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.

* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!
Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY BIAS!
FANNY BIAS in FLORA—dear creature!—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, DOLLY! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh

To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can
judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY
FUDGE!

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart
in)
They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin;*
Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.

* The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *elégantes* displayed flame coloured dresses, "couleur de feu d'Opéra!"—*Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

Here DANIEL, in pantomime,* bids bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the
Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it;—
Here BÉGRAND,† who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely SUSANNA, without ev'n a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*

But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;

* A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "*Scene* 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un grouppe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Eternel."

† Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in "Susanna and the Elders,"—"L'Amour et la Folie," &c. &c.

And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,* a place where—I
doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll,—you hardly know
where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a
match;

* The Promenades Aëriennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by "F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris," &c. &c.

In an instant you're seated, and down both together
  Go thund'ring, as if you went post-to old Scratch![*]
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,—
That there came up—imagine, dear DOLL, if you can—
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!

[*] According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his
head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course"—though I scarce under-
stood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I
would.
Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew
whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming
together,—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.
And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,

Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens* we saunter'd
about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at
each cracker,
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre.*

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere
folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?

* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci."—P. 22.

Why, bless you, no less than the great King of
Prussia,
Who's here now incog.*—he, who made such a
fuss, you
Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF,
When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's cravat off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he us'd under BONEY)
Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he
swore,
Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be
seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.

* His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as BOB says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, DOLLY, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising and manag'd to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power.*

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM. FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

Yours of the 12th receiv'd just now—
  Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!
'Tis truly pleasing to see how
  We, Fudges, stand by one another.
But never fear—I know my chap,
And he knows *me* too—*verbum sap.*
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;

Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of places;—
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—
Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;—
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

REYNOLDS and I—(you know TOM REYNOLDS—
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—

Lucky the dog that first unkennels
 Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—D——TH wants a death or two;)
REYNOLDS and I, and some few more,
 All men, like us, of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
 As *under*-saviours of the nation—*
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;
Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most asinine,

* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

Was yet no more, in fact historical,
  Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,
  Meaning Informers, kept at high rent—*
Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And picking up each tale and fragment,
For royal MIDAS's green bag meant.
"And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
"Should not the R—G—T too have ears,†

* This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann:—"Hâc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice."

† Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

"Midas, le Roi Midas a des oreilles d'Ane,"

tells us, that "M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au

"To reach as far, as long and wide as
"Those of his model, good King MIDAS?"
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank "The R—G—T's Ears,"
With three times three illustrious cheers,
  That made the room resound like thunder—
"The R—G—T's Ears, and may he ne'er
"From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear
  "Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!" *
This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.

Roi." I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

* It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.
OVID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his

In short, (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again) we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club increases daily.
CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,
Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like TOM and I,
Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*,*
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,
(For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase)
When, in our new costume adorn'd,—
The R—G—T's buff-and-blue coats *turn'd*—

usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

* Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

We have the honour to give dinners
  To the chief Rats in upper stations; *
Your W——YS, V——NS—half-fledg'd sinners,
  Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
Give me the useful *peaching* Rat;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
  But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and bends,
  But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.
No, no,—we nobler vermin are
A *genus* useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
  Of which your natural histories brag,

* This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be—" verè dulce sodalitium."

The rarest must be Rats like us,
   Who *let the cat out of the bag.*
Yet still these Tyros in the cause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us receiv'd and treated
With all due honours—only seated
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely *promis'd* next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
   Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
   To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—*

* His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

Takes every part with perfect ease,
Though to the Base by nature suited,
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well *executed.*
H——T——D, who, tho' no Rat himself,
Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the *Corni* parts.
While C—NN—G,* who'd be *first* by choice,
Consents to take an *under* voice;

* This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, " though tears it may cost,
" It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
" For *your* character's totally lost,
" And *I* have not sufficient for *two!*"

And G———s,* who well that signal knows,
Watches the *Volti Subitos.*†

In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
For *Gentlemen*, like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few *Squireens* ‡ from t'other side;—
Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
(We often tell the tale with laughter)
Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after.
I doubt not you could find us, too,
Some Orange Parsons that would do;

* The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

† *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.

‡ The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend—something—HAMILTON,
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That couldn't otherwise be got at—
If *he*'ll but join th' Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We, FUDGES, know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.

There's JACK, the Doctor—night and day
  Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
  Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,
  He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
  He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
  When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
  "Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
  So gen'rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
  The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
  He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—

Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh,*

Your head-ach is a *hemi-cranium* :—

His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,

The grace with which, most mild of men,

He begs them to put out their tongues,

Then bids them—put them in again!

In short, there's nothing now like JACK ;—

Take all your doctors, great and small,

Of present times and ages back,

Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,

Counsellor TIM! to thee we bow;

Not one of us gives more eclat to

Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.

Not to expatiate on the art

With which you play'd the patriot's part,

Till something good and snug should offer ;—

Like one, who, by the way he acts

Th' *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
  The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM !—
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,
Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
  Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
  And leave her not a leg to stand on.—
Thy patent, prime, morality,—
  Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
  To help in trouncing for a libel ;—

"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
"To hate all bigots and benighters!
"God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,
"The sacred Freedom of the Press,
"My only aim's to—crush the writers."
These are the virtues, TIM, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh TIM—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,—
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
Should we but still enjoy the sway

Of S—DM—H and of C———GH,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!

Good bye—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length;—
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right;—

Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
And all was bright with promise;—Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd
on,
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;—
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,

And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at last?
But no—the hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair,
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
The only *quite* untameable are Kings!
Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine!—rapine!" was the cry again.
How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well,
Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell,—
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was at that Royal slave-mart truck'd away,—
The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
Were split to fractions,* barter'd, sold, or given

* "Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws; but

To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more!
How safe the faith of Kings let France decide;—
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried,—
Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain—
Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own
He thank'd not France but England for his throne—
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame!—

by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c.—Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia. The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to
spare
The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last—these horrors *could* not last—
France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast
Th' insulters off—and oh! that then, as now,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright;—
To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;—

To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
And make the stake of *all* the game of *one!*
Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;
Then would the fire of France once more have
blaz'd;—
For every single sword, reluctant rais'd
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again!

But fate decreed not so—th' Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring;—
Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that
made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade;

Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more :—
Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,
From steeple on to steeple* wing'd its flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a Royal craven just had flown;
And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!
Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—
" Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
" The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"

* "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame."—Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

"Faithless!"—and this from *you*—from *you*, forsooth,
Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;
Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side;
Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong—
The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;

Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what
then?
A Holy League would set all straight again;
Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as new!*
Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er
Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;
Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,
For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*, †
And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations! ‡
Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to th' ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,

* Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperâsse fingitur.

† At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

‡ The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry nought repeats
But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!
And thou, oh England—who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C———GH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits;—
Such were the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON'S life,
In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife!
Disgusting crew!—*who* would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-fac'd tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,

From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies;—
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them
most;
From whose affection men should shrink as loath
As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both;
Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity* to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!

* The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—
So, here I pause—farewell—another day
Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than mine!

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON'S* mending
my stays,—
Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these
days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our desert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—

* An English tailor at Paris.

Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,
"D—n my eyes, Bob, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've
miss'd stays." *
So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without
them,
They're now at the Schneider's †—and, while he's
about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop—
Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?
Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun:
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;

* A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

† The dandy term for a tailor.

Where in temples antique you may breakfast or
dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly knows
whether
'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under
trees;
Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the bar-
ber's,
Enjoying their news and *groseille** in those arbours,

* "Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, Book 6.

While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice* round them are
purling.

Here, DICK, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way,—
For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've
wasted our wealth
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves
into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old King for their
health,
As we whip little children to make them take
physic;—
Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,
They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy-water!

* These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

But who the deuce cares, Dick, as long as they
nourish us
Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,
May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés*?
And, truly, I always declar'd 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city:
Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to old Nick—and the *people*, I
own,
If for no other cause than their curst monkey
looks,
Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their
Cooks!
As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole
lineage,
For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to
spinage;

But think, Dick, their Cooks—what a loss to mankind!

What a void in the world would their art leave behind!

Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders—

Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,

All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er,

And the *Marmite Perpétuelle** bubbling no more!

Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,

Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money—

But leave them, oh leave them their Perigueux pies,

Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny! †

* "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons." —Alman de Gourmands, Quatrième Année, p. 152.

† Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon.

Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?*

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
"Coquin Anglais," et cæt'ra—how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this way)
From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,
Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—

"La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets."—Cours Gastronomique, p. 252.

* The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—*there*, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of
use)—
Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—
St. TONY, who us'd all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;
While *there* St. VENECIA* sits hemming and frilling
her
Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—
Saint AUSTIN's the "outward and visible sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;
While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,†
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got—next to
none!

* Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

† St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The

Then we stare into shops—read the evening's *af-*
fiches—
Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,)
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—*des Panoramas* *
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one* day,
The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hol-
landais, †
That popular artist, who brings out, like SC—TT,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;

mot of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—" Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute."

* Off the Boulevards Italiens.

† In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gaufres.

Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,—
Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
Who've laps'd into snacks—the perdition of dinners.
And here, DICK—in answer to one of your queries,
About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion—
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,
And think, for *digestion*,* there's none like the Russian;

* Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them "une médecine aérienne, cou-

So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—
It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
That take whom you please—take old L—s D—x-
H—T,
And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd lampreys, *
So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,
That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,

leur de re;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully:

Memoranda—The Swiss little notice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)
The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

* A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
And the regicide lampreys* be foiled of their prey!

Such, DICK, are the classical sports that content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous
That epoch——but woa! my lad—here comes the
Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches
wider—
Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Gu!
But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by—
As we've MASSINOT's† eloquent *carte* t eat still
up,
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.

* They killed Henry I. of England:—" food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

† A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.

So—not to lose time, DICK—here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,
That my life, like " the Leap of the German," *
may be,
" Du lit à la table, d'la table au lit!"

R. F.

* An old French saying;—" Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit "

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT
C—ST——GH.

My Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day,
"I shall in all my best obey."
Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—
Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel th' inquiries in your letter
  About my health and French most flattering;
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,
  Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering:—

Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare,
(A certain Lord we need not name)
Who, ev'n in French, would have his trope,
And talk of " *batir* un systême
" Sur *l'équilibre* de l'Europe!"
Sweet metaphor!—and then th Epistle,
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,
That tender letter to " Mon Prince," *
Which show'd alike thy French and sense,—
Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do
Or say *un-English* things like you;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!

* The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see " no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as " not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals."

But as for *me,* a Frenchless grub,
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD'S grammar—
Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha!
They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few lac'd caps
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech—"what pretty things
One finds in Mr. FUDGE'S pages!"

Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend ;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approv'd of than my last MS.—
The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them;
But these will come to hand, at least
Unrumpled, for—there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man,*
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend

* This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of

Of Discord here full riot ran,
  He, like the rest, was guillotin'd;—
But that when, under BONEY's reign,
  (A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restor'd again,
  He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.
Accordingly, he still cries out
  This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor dev'l, about,
  Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropt,
  And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!
How many heads might thus be swopp'd,
  And, after all, not make much odds!
For instance, there's V—S—TT—T's head—
(" Tam *carum*" * it may well be said)

those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

* Tam cari capitis.—HORAT.

If by some curious chance it came
To settle on BILL SOAMES'S * shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while, in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S—
So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out "What is trumps?"—
The R—G—T's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,

* A celebrated pickpocket.

The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
To give the P—CE the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so!

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
　And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snor'd,
　Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
　With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
　And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—BOTTOM.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BID—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same *
NAPOLEON sat on—what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers!
  When LOUIS seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
  Are much the same they us'd to be?
However,—God preserve the Throne,
  And *cushion* too—and keep them free
From accidents, which *have* been known
  To happen ev'n to Royalty! †

* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium misère apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil:—but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?

† I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—é, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall, (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.)
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
  A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter;
And once in every year, at least,
  He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter: *
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee! †

* "The 3rd day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care."—*F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, &c.*

† "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a

Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—
But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;*
And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
Were we to try how heavy *he* is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue
Loses so many pounds a year,
The P——E, God bless him! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;—
But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,
We should throw in much *heavier* things:

superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable.' *Oriental Field Sports.*

For instance ————'s quarto volumes,
  Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them
Dominic St—dd—t's Daily columns,
  "Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
Letters, that C—rtw——t's pen indites,
  In which, with logical confusion,
The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
  And never comes to a *Conclusion*:—
Lord S—m—rs' pamphlet—or his head—
(Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)
Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir John C—x H—pp—sly;
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
  Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
That you may always know him by
  A patch of powder on his nose!—

If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M;
(A Book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")
Or, should these prove too small and light,
His ——'s a host—we'll bundle *that* in!
And, *still* should all these masses fail
To stir the R—G—T's ponderous scale,
Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame—
If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS
About those famous spies at Rome, *

* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo;—" qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea cele-

Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as much resembling us,*
  Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
To say Lord S—DM—TH's like TIBERIUS!
What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—
'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perj'ry—*ditto* TIB's.
'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice†—*ditto* SID.

brem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt."—Tacit. Annal 1, 74.

* They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents:—"*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) libidinum et necessitatum, *quo pluribus indiciis inligaret.*"

† "Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, *quem odium publicum tu-*

'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches—*ditto* Tib.*
'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
Were in his dotage—*ditto* Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt Tib and Sid goes vastly well;
But there are points in Tib that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him
Of th' India Board—that soul of whim!

tiorem faciebat. Nam ut quis districtior accusator *velut sacrosanctus erat.*" Annal. Lib. 4, 36.—Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy:—"This daring accuser had the *curses* of the *people*, and the *protection* of the *Emperor*. *Informers*, in proportion as they rose in guilt, *became sacred characters.*"

* Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a *good private* character:—"egregium vitâ famâque *quoad privatus.*"

Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke, *
  On matters, too, where few can bear one;
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke
  Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!
Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesale wits;
But, let the suff'rer gasp for life,
  The joke is then worth any money;
And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—
  Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.
In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree:
Now as to *your* resemblance—mum—
  This parallel we need not follow; †

* "*Ludibria seriis* permiscere solitus."

† There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned—"*suspensa semper et obscura verba.*"

Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
   Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;
Whips, chains—but these are things too serious
   For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
   PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Up any decent kind of Plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and *spiflicated!*
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—TL——GH to CASTLES,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!

What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;
  But even *that* brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never
  Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his curst head
Take it to say our force was *worsted.*
Mem. too—when SID. an army raises,
It must not be "incog." like *Bayes's*:
Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of Cobbling;
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
  Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons,* *
  A *Wellington's* great *soul* within!
Nor must an old Apothecary
  Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,

* Short boots, so called.

With (what these wags would call, so merry)
Physical force and *phial*-ence ! *
No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contriv'd more skilfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in*.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to *me* :—
As none of our Nobility
Though for their *own* most gracious King
(They would kiss hands, or—any thing)

Can be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou* ;
And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
    Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
    GRIMALDI to them on a mission :
As *Legate* JOE could play his part,
And if, in diplomatic art,
The "volto sciolto" * 's meritorious,
Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious !

A *title* for him 's easily made ;
    And, by the by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play'd
    Lord MORLEY in some pantomime ;—†

* The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

† Mr. Fudge is a littl mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of " Lord Morley" in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished

As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,
If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
Of JOE in the Celestial Presence!—
He thus should say:—"Duke Ho and Soo,
"I'll play what tricks you please for you,
"If you'll, in turn, but do for me
"A few small tricks you now shall see.
"If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
"At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
He then should give them nine such grins,
As would astound ev'n Mandarins;

Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H-rr-s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

And throw such somersets before
  The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him!)
As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
  Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord, (you *know* poor BOB)
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency, JOE;—
At least, like noble AMH—RST's son,
The lad will do to *practise* on. *

* See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

Well, it *is n't* the King, after all, my dear creature!
But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to
quiz in't—
For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He *might* be a King, Doll, though, hang him,
he is n't.
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss Malone,—

(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's
here,
Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere, *
While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!)
But says Pa, after deeply consid'ring the thing,
" I am just as well pleas'd it should *not* be the King;
" As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,
" Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way
fetch,
" That a Brandenburgh"—(what *is* a Brandenburgh,
DOLLY?)—
" Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
" If the R—G—T indeed—" added he, looking sly—
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)

* See Lady Morgan's " France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* " peau de lapin."

But I stopped him with " La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
" When the R—G—T loves none but old women,
you know!"
Which is fact, my dear DOLLY—we, girls of eighteen,
And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen;
And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I've been told
That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,
Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear,—
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run
over,
Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through
the air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, DOLLY, yes—
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;

When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says, is so like Love and Marriage,
" Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
" And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!" *
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet
I set out with Papa, to see Louis Dix-huit
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Rois*—
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd
o'er 'em,
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you!

* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
"*Live bullion*," says merciless Bob, "which, I think,
"Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!"

But *what*, Dolly, what, is the gay orange-grove,
Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her love?
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sate there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
As the lock that, Pa says,* is to Mussulmen giv'n,
For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!"—

* For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings,"

Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-
day,"—
Thought of the words of T—m M—re's Irish Melody,
Something about the "green spot of delight," *
(Which, you know, Captain Macintosh sung to
us one day):
Ah Dolly, *my* "spot" was that Saturday night,
And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by
Sunday!

&c. The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of hair, (on the crown of the head) worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

* The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines:—

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love trac'd;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!

We din'd at a tavern—La, what do I say?
If BOB was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear;
Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.
Fine BOB (for he's really grown *super*-fine)
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty.
Indeed, DOLL, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,
I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;
And BOB, who's in love, said he felt the same, *quite*—
"My sighs," said he, "ceas'd with the first glass I drank you;
"The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,
"And—now that all's o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you!"

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For BOBBY and Pa had a furious debate

About singing and cookery—BOBBY, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
"The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well
over it—
"What with old LAÏS and VÉRY, I'm curst
"If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
When, sudden, it struck me—last hope of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear man to
TORTONI'S!*
We enter'd—and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,
For a *grappe à la jardiniere* call'd to the waiters,
When, oh DOLL! I saw him,—my hero was there,
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown
leather gaiters)

* A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,*
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are!
In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er ic'd currant-water!
He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my extasy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
Bob wish'd to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were, to *him*, "on de top of all Ponch in de vorld."—
How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll,
to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,

* "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."

That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
We all would set off, in French buggies, together,
To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.
His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creas'd—
But 'twas CALICOT—something—a Colonel, at least!
After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—"how do you
do!"*

But, lord,—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vext—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly drest,
And—*so* providential!—was looking my best;

* Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my
frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the
bills)
And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel CALICOT eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flow'rs in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
So, good by, my sweet DOLL—I shall soon write
again. B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now *do*, DOLLY, pray,
For I hate to ask BOB, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———

YES—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on NAPOLEON'S single brow;
Such the sublime arbitrement, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!

Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,*
Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating Napoleon much, but Freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty!—

* See Ælian, Lib. 5. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles—διαπετονται σιωπωντες.

No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might—
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot,
When your Invader's axe was at the *root!*
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—
Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
I would have followed, with quick heart and hand,
Napoleon, Nero—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—
A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,
But rais'd the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatteringly!
* All this I own—but still * * * *
* * * * * * * *

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

At last, Dolly,—thanks to a potent emetic,
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses*—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady Jane, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord Neville's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.

But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme *I* pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies
Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,
Which he stares at till *I*, DOLL, at *his* do the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like GATTIE's rose-water—and, bright, here and there,
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!

And the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the
boughs,
As if *each* a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse;
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose;*
And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we
started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so.*
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY'S—
Serv'd with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were
cronies—

So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,*
Which the poor Duc DE B—RI must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C———GH;
And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—
Fancied the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
Thro' that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;
And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know
All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU!—

* The column in the Place Vendome.

" 'Twas there," said he—not that his *words* I can
state—
'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate;—
But " there," said he (pointing where, small and
remote,
The dear Hermitage rose), " there his JULIE he
wrote,—
" Upon paper gilt-edg'd,* without blot or erasure;
" Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
" And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—
" Tied the leaves up together with *nompareille* blue!"
What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emo-
tions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up here!

* " Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la nompareille bleue."—*Les Confessions*, Part 2, liv. 9.

Alas, that a man of such exquisite* notions
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT said—
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle) †

* This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:—

"I'd fain praise your Poem—but tell me, how is it
When *I* cry out "Exquisite," *Echo* cries "*quiz it*?"

† The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

"'Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY,
"(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*,* every day,)
"That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
"A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm!"†

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd,
The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,

* "*Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle——et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?"——&c. &c.

† "Un jour, qu'il geloit très fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu' amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vétir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my
gown?
The question confus'd me—for, DOLL, you must know,
And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ*
That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI,
But am forc'd, dear, to have VICTORINE, who—
deuce take her!—
It seems 'is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
I mean *of his party*—and, though much the smartest,
LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.†

* Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi.*"

† LE ROI, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.

Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd—so well
knowing
The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glow-
ing;
I stammer'd out something—nay, even half nam'd
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
" Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
" It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, VICTO-
RINE!"
What a word for a hero!—but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo
us,—
The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—

That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the "Twopenny-Post of the Eyes"——
Ah Doll! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain.
They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections;
And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting off for Montmartre—"for *there* is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the Véry's!*"

* It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—"Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles*."

"Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
"O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
"And, to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue
"For the *flesh* of the VE'RYS—I'll visit their *bones!*"
He insists upon *my* going with him—how teasing!
This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie
Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—good bye.

B. F.

Four o'Clock.

Oh DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,

This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove)
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche,*
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love,—
(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—

There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—
  There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,
  And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!
Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas *a shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear!
The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
  And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treacherous thing—
  To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—
I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!

I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,
  With cruel facetiousness said—" curse the Kiddy!
" A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought
    him,
  " But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be
    known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!
  What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with
    the men!
It will spread through the country—and never, oh,
    never
  Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell—I shall do something desp'rate, I fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend

BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene—I'm sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night.
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box!

NOTES.

Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

SHAKSPEARE.

Page 16.

So Ferdinand embroiders gaily.

It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t!

Page 24.

Your curst tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism?* Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.*—" Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraphe which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, θειην, θεαιναν.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοις, θεων τε πατρι
Εν χρυσεοις σκυφοισι
Διδοι το νεκταρ Ηβη.
Σε μοι διακονοιντο
Σκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι,
Τω καλλεϊ πρεπουσαι
Καλαις χερεσσι κουραι.

Which may be thus translated.

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heav'n her Nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold—
I'll not envy heaven's Princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 36.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name.

The late lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names; —he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c. &c. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles

James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, &c. &c.

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo
Me vituperas? Fur.*

Plautus, Aulular. Act 2. Scene 4.

Page 42.

The Testament, turn'd into melodrames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théatre de la Gaité every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwartz."

Page 59.

Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well executed.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that antient people of Etruria, who, as Aris-

* *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be a *glossema*:—that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

totle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

Page 64.

Note.

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says

> Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
> Se plaint de *sa grandeur*, qui *l'attache au rivage!*
>
> Epit. 4.

Page 90.

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous.

Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my "scientia popinæ,"* I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the *magic* line; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors "*de re cibariâ*" instead; and has left *Bodin, Remigius, Agrippa* and his little dog, *Filiolus,* for *Apicius, Nonius,* and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus.*

* Seneca.

Page 90.

Note.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with Kings—whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was parti cularly fond of them.—See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. chap. 2.

Page 117.

" *Live bullion*," *says merciless Bob*, " *which I think*
" *Would*, *if* coin'd *with a little* mint *sauce*, *be delicious!*"

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine*, and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatus*. The pun of the great orator upon the "jus Verrinum," which he calls bad *hog-broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious:—"In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit *condimentum*, quo *sapiant* aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum."—*de Civitat. Dei, Lib.* 16. *cap.* 30.—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun.

Plus *juscella* Coci quam mea *jura* valent.

See his poems, *Corpus Poetar. Latin.* Tom. 2. p. 1732.—Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him—" summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi *sola* places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* Lib. 2. cap. 2.

Page 120

Upon singing and cookery, Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine *Art in full force.*

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon*; (see his *Natural History, Receipts,* &c.) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of *Mr. Dugald Stewart.*—" Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." *Philosophical Essays.*

The following occasional pieces have already appeared in my friend Mr. PERRY's *paper, and are here, " by desire of several persons of distinction," reprinted.*

T. B.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. P—RC—V—L.

IN the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend!

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was—and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,
And England would ne'er have been curs'd with his sway.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir;

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese Bird of Royalty,*" is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MUM.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

A FRAGMENT.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?)
Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short visit.—
Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation,
(The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation)

Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds of prey,
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord
C—STL——GH;
While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did
light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the
dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM,
"I'm at home."—
And when, turning, he saw Bishop L——GE
"Zooks, it is,"
Quoth the Bird, "yes—I know him—a Bonze, by
his phyz—

"And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
"Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat
Fo!"
It chanc'd, at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P——E to dispense with his wig,*
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,
And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,
That, while FUM cried "oh Fo!" all the Court
cried "oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression—these Birds of a feather
Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together:
(The P——E just in bed, or about to depart for't,
His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ——,)

* In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R——l H——ss.

"I say, HUM," says FUM—FUM, of course, spoke
Chinese,
But, bless you, that's nothing—at Brighton one
sees
Foreign lingoes and Bishops *translated* with ease—
"I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?
"Is it *up?* is it *prime?* is it *spooney*—or how?"
(The Bird had just taken a flash-man's degree
Under B———E, Y———TH, and young Master
L——)
"As for us in Pekin"——here, a dev'l of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that long Man-
darin,
C—STL——GH (whom FUM calls the *Confusius* of
Prose)
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose!

(*Nota bene*—his Lordship and L—v—rp—l come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother Hum,
C—stl——gh a Hum-bug—L—v—rp—l a Hum-
drum.)
The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—stl—gh,
Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away!
Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,
Ne'er paus'd, till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.
*   *   *   *   *   *

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N.

Principibus placuisse viris.—Horat.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;—
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow:—
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles, to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,

Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast:—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;—
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence mine;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou hast—
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd!*

* The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* when Sh-r-d-n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, for him, by his friends.

" Was *this* then the fate!"—future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse;—

" Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
" The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
" The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
" Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!

" Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
" From the finest and best of all other men's powers;—
" Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
" And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers!

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
"Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;—
"Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
"Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

"Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
"Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
"Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
"As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh; *
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIBB TO BIG BEN.

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.*

"Ahi, mio BEN!"—METASTASIO. †

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go?*—kick a man when he's down!

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—*History of Poland.*

* Written soon after Bonaparte's transportation to St. Helena.

† Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.

When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him
then—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the fancy exclaim—
CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits
flame—
And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY cries "shame!"
Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and
eating)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating—
But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign
notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and
lotions;
Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what—
(One swig of *Blue Ruin** is worth the whole lot!)

* Gin.

Your great and small *crosses*—(my eyes, what a brood!
A cross-buttock from *me* would do some of them good!)
Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus*;
And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!
Hence it comes,—BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page!—
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,
You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!
Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any--
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd* * him to Botany!

* Transported.

Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger!* * you, who, alas!
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon Ben—see him, *dunghill* all o'er,
Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more;
Out, cowardly *spooney!*—again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben.
To *shew the white feather* is many men's doom,
But, what of *one* feather?—Ben shows a *whole Plume*.

* A Life Guardsman, one of *the Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.

LINES ON A LATE DISPLAY IN THE —— OF ——.*

" *In jocis quoque perniciosus.*"
Ælius Isamprid. de Commodo.

Is *this* then an eloquence fit for the ears
Of the statesmen of England—the manly, the wise?
Is *this* then the wit to awaken the cheers
Of the men, on whose counsels the world hath its eyes?

To make mirth—as the mummer's last brutal resource—
Out of torments, the deadliest man can sustain;
And to probe with a ridicule, cruel and coarse
As the knife of an Indian, the vitals of Pain:

* Written the day after.

To lay bare ev'ry pang that, in ribaldry's dearth,
Even ribalds themselves would have cover'd in shade;
And to mock—gracious Heaven!—with a mountebank's mirth,
At the quiv'ring of agony's nerve round the blade!

Is *this* then the feeling—is *this* the display
Of that Hall, where the mighty of England once spoke;
Where a light from the spirit of Fox, like the ray
O'er the chains of th' Apostle,* infranchising broke!

Where a SHERIDAN'S wit (oh the contrast to this!)
Though as gay as the creatures of air that, in spring,
Seem to lend a new charm to the flow'rets they kiss,
Never lighted on aught that could sully its wing.—

* "And a light shined in the prison . . . . and his chains fell off from his hands."—Acts xii. 7.

Where *once* there were men—had a Momus thus shook
His bells o'er the bed, where a sufferer wasted,
Had struck down the heartless buffoon with a look,
And there left him, like something that lightning
had blasted.

But *is* this the eloquence Britons applaud?
Forbid it, our nature!—forbid it, our fame!
On the mime who could utter, the slaves who could
laud
Such dishonouring trash, be the curse and the
shame!

No, still let the witling—if Wit it can be,
That forsakes its own element, Freedom and Right,
And, like fishes whose home, when alive, was the sea,
To Corruption alone owes its pestilent light.—*

* The power of rotten fish to *shine* is well known.

No, still let the punster, the parodist draw
From his out-of-date libels a pittance of fame;
While he helps to halloo the keen beagles of law
At the fools who, thus sanction'd, dare venture the same.

Let him plunder with those, whom he ridiculed then;
Let him live by the crew that then waken'd his laughter,
Like creatures we read of, (less rank than such men)
Who befoul first their victim, and feed on it after!

Yes, still let this trader—a trader as gross
As the sleekest of those, whose "sweet voices" he craves,
Whose ethics, like theirs, lie in profit and loss,
And whose trade (if he might) would, like theirs, be in *slaves!*

Let him crouch to the rival he would have sup-
planted,
Since safer he finds it to crouch than betray;
Be his pledges belied, and his charges recanted,—
The tribute that rival has brib'd him to pay!

All this let him do—even worse let him dare,—
But never, just God, let the scoffer again
Make a jest of the ills that thy creatures must bear,
Lest thou wither the tongue that thus sports with
their pain.

THE END.

T DAVISON, LOMBARD STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.